The Liberalist

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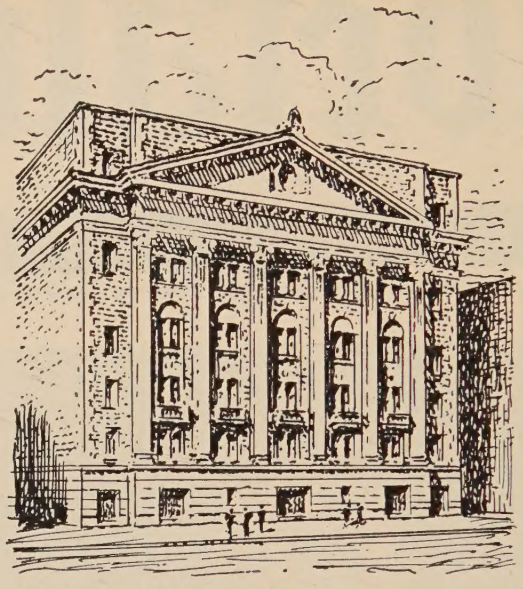
WHEN YOU LOOK AT THE WORLD in a narrow way, how narrow it seems! When you look at it in a mean way, how mean it is! When you look at it selfishly, how selfish it is! But when you look at it in a broad, generous, friendly spirit, what wonderful people you find in it.

Selected



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

BECAUSE the August and September numbers are of necessity being prepared in advance of our church closing date, they will have no news of our current experiences for those months. As I mentioned in my July "Along the Way," on August 18, which happens to be my birthday. June and I will be at Churwalden, Switzerland, where, among the beauties of that wonderland of nature, I shall be doing whatever I can to help the establishment of the Albert Schweitzer College. After spending about a week at Churwalden, we shall be sailing from Cherbourg, France, for the dear old United States of America, the greatest and to me the dearest nation on the face of the entire globe.

I have just had the privilege of seeing an autobiographical account by Clarence E. Pickett, the man who for 22 years was executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee, in which he combines his autobiography with an informal history during the past two decades of this great organization, whose work in relief and rehabilitation won, together with the Friends Service Council of London, the Nobel Peace Prize in 1947.

I think it would be the most inspiring experience every member of our church could have, to read this account in its entirety. It is published in a book called "For More Than Bread," published by Little, Brown & Company. The book is expensive, but soon it will be available at the libraries and will thus be available to everyone. The price of it is $5.00. An account of this book might well have gone into our Book Chats, but that space had all been taken up when I acquired my copy of the book. "The Friends" are quiet, unassuming, modest people, who do their work quietly, reverently and efficiently, without fanfare or advertising. This is one very good reason for our keeping abreast of what they really accomplish in their unpretentious but no less forceful manner.

Mr. Pickett himself spent his early years in a little Quaker community in central Kansas. At Stephen Grellet Academy and at Penn College in Oskaloosa, Iowa, he was steeped in the Quaker traditions of faith and service. As he touched on new fields of scholarship, thought and experience he gravitated naturally toward the ministry.

After graduating from Penn College he entered Hartford Theological Seminary for three years of graduate work. He was at first minister of the Friends Meeting in Toronto, Canada. In 1917 he returned, with his wife, to the Meeting alongside Penn College, at Oskaloosa, Iowa. Two years later he was invited to become secretary of the Young Friends Movement, and worked with this group until he accepted, in 1922, a professorship in Biblical literature at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana.

In the fall of 1929 Mr. Pickett was invited to become executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee. He accepted this invitation humbly, as a mission and a greater opportunity for good works "on the great growing edge where the conscience of American Quakers is applied to the social order in which we live."

It was in this manner that there began the principal chapter of a distinguished humanitarian career. This author describes his work and that of

the Friends during the strikes in North Carolina textile mills and in the coal fields of West Virginia; distributing food, planting trees and caring for the refugee children of World War I; of marshalling relief in this country during the Great Depression; in World War II investigating the barbaric treatment of the Jews, mediating for the conscientious objectors, establishing ambulance units, assisting in immigration and resettlement in China, Japan, India and Palestine as well as in Europe; and, in the aftermath of the war, working with the United Nations and acting for the President's Commission on Immigration and Naturalization.

Clarence E. Pickett's story carries with it, in addition to a biography of our times, a strong case for the privately administered agency dealing with human welfare around the world. It demonstrates forcibly how personal service can influence for good and for peace the relationship of nations.

Because the royalties from the sale of this book, "For More Than Bread," will be given to promote the work of the American Friends Service Committee, I strongly urge you to buy this book and pass it on to your friends to read.

There is no denying the fact that sincere people of purpose and faith, working in humanitarian work, by the very nature of things care more than those operating a government agency. This is not true of every person, but there is undoubtedly more opportunity for the type of mere "hanger-on" through political influence in a government agency than in a private one, such as the American Friends Service Committee, or the Unitarian Service Committee, which latter committee is doing a comparable type of work and deserves our solid support. Clarence Pickett has done a real service to his cause and to humanity in writing this record, from which the royalties go to the work itself.

The author writes a preface to his book in which he explains that the American Friends Service Committee is a co-operating enterprise of literally hundreds of people. "The publishers of this volume suggested that I should write the history of the work of this Committee from 1929 to 1952 from an autobiographical point of view. 'This,' I said, 'is no one-man show. It has not been my achievement.' But I could not in good conscience argue against the logic of the publishers that a book written from a personal point of view might well be more interesting than simply a straight history of events. So I agreed to undertake the combination of autobiography and history, and the account which follows is the result.

" 'But who is the author of this volume?' I can hear someone ask.

"I was born in a little Quaker colony eighty miles south of Chicago on a bright October Sunday morning in 1884. But I have no memory of childhood life in Illinois. The depression of '87 almost broke my father's slender fortunes as a farmer, and he traveled westward to Kansas to explore the possibility of resettlement. That same year our home was re-established in the central part of Kansas, in another Quaker colony.

"On a corner of the land which my father purchased and on which he was able to make a small down payment was a little Quaker academy named for Stephen Grellet, a French Quaker. This academy and the Quaker Meeting and community were, I am sure, the great attractions of the locality for my father.

"From his exploratory visit, he had been much depressed by the low grade of work horses he found in the Kansas community, and he felt a kind of mis-

sionary call to improve the breed. Therefore, when we moved he brought from Illinois two mares and one stallion of Percheron stock. To this day, the horses around Glen Elder, Kansas, still reflect the improved breed which my father introduced."

A visitor, Henry Stanley Newman, a British Quaker who edited "The Friend" and operated an orphanage, helped Clarence turn the washing machine one morning and pictured the beauties of the English countryside to him. That was the beginning of some of his yearning to see and know a wider world and his feeling that a broader experience was important.

When Clarence was eight, his older sister Minnie went to Japan, being sent by Friends of Philadelphia, to teach in a girl's school they had established in Tokyo. It was then that resolves were forming deep down in Clarence's heart to in some way follow the kind of life his sister was leading. Meanwhile he worked hard on the farm; but though no member of the family had enjoyed college training, the boy's contacts with visiting ministers, his sister's experience and that of one of the boys of the community who had gone to college, combined to develop a hunger within him for what was called a higher education. As his mother and he worked in the garden one day, she told him she hoped he would be a missionary, and though he never became one in the formal sense, he has always felt that her words expressed to him that morning had as deep influence on him as any other thing that ever happened. He felt an inward response to the real meaning she was expressing—that he should work with human beings and for their betterment.

When I read that expression of Mr. Pickett's about his mother and her influence, it struck a responsive chord in my heart. My congregation has often heard me speak of the evening when, on the way home from hearing a speaker in our little church at Linden, my mother, as she held my hand and we walked along home together, said to me: "My boy, it would be the happiest moment of my life if someday I could see and hear you speaking to an audience like that."

Biography and autobiography is extremely fascinating to me, hence to my mind there could be no more interesting way to develop a history of the work of an organization than in this intimate and personal manner—through the words and life of one of its leaders.

Mr. Pickett says he felt no clear definite sense of call to a particular kind of service. "The daily shaping of events has made virtually inevitable most of the decisions that have been taken. I have never aspired to a particular job or asked for one; nor have I been 'stricken on the road to Damascus' as was Paul and had my way clearly dictated to me from the heavens. The entire course has been a maturing of family and personal decisions. In perspective I should say in all humility that my life has been characterized by an inadequate, persistent effort to try to find a workable harmony between religious profession and daily practice.

"The pages that follow are a record of my twenty-two years with the American Friends Service Committee. . . . I should think that probably the most useful thing I have done at AFSC is to help open the way for a good many people to work at home and abroad, at hard jobs, sometimes for little or no pay, and often to be able to look back on such service as the richest experience of their lives."

There are five divisions to the book:

I Economics and the Spirit

1 Marion, North Carolina

2 The Coal Fields
3 Government Subsistence Homesteads
4 Penn-Craft

II Nobody's Nothings
1 Europe, 1930 and 1934
2 Spain
3 The Climate of Doom
4 The Full Tide of the Homeless
5 The Blockade
6 Relief and Rehabilitation: Europe
7 Relief and Rehabilitation: Asia
8 Palestine

III From the Nameless to the Nameless

IV The Moral Equivalent
1 The Conscientious Objector
2 Service Opportunities for Youth
3 Race Relations
4 Education for Peace

V Witness in High Places

The book opens thus:

" 'It is Norman Thomas calling from New York,' said my secretary. It was the fall of 1929. I was still new to the business of being executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee, and was just getting acquainted with its operations. Long-distance calls to our office were not very frequent in those days. In fact, I am not sure but there was a certain sense of flattery in being called up by someone as far away as New York. Here is what Norman had to say.

"There was a bitter strike in a textile mill in Marion, North Carolina. Six strikers had been killed; other were injured. A feeble union had exhausted its relief funds. More than nine hundred persons had nothing to eat, and little to wear. Many of them were ill. Could the Service Committee undertake to relieve their distress?"

Readers will give a reminiscent smile or a groan (as their emotions may dictate) to read that though according to the president of the Marion Manufacturing Company, the average wage was $14 a week, workers interviewed reported earnings ranging from $5, $7, $9, $11 and $12; and $16 to $18 for weavers. Young people just starting out at this present day should be interested to note these wages.

As a matter of industrial history in our country, this chapter is enlightening. Certain items will be of interest in connection with the "twenty landlords recently cited."

"I visited the little three-room frame house used for clothing distributions and general headquarters for our program. Set up on pillars, this building was amply ventilated by wintry blasts sweeping up through wide spaces between floor boards. I witnessed food distributions at the commissary established in an old store on what was locally known as 'Nigger Ridge'—a name which indicates the general spiritual and cultural level at that time in that place."

I wish it were allowable to quote the entire letter received from one of the North Carolina union organizers, who wrote at quite some length of how he was raised by Christian parents, then through personal observations lost all faith in churches and the ministry and so-called Christians.

He then spoke of the coming of the Friends Service Committee members, the suspicion directed toward them because of their Christian background, and finally of his admiration and gratitude for help received, which was expressed in this way:

"What of their job? Oh, yes, they did a wonderful job, in administering relief, food, clothing, and medical attention, without sound of trumpet or beat of drum, they have performed a humane service. What else? To a large degree they have restored our faith in the Christian ministry, in the churches. 98 percent of us now believe that there are good Christians still living . . ."

Though in the light of present-day unions and worker's rights, the Marion

incident sounds very primitive, after twenty years of growth in the labor movement, it did constitute a kind of meeting point of economics and mercy which has characterized the activities of the AFSC over the years.

At about this time Mr. Pickett went to the Soviet Union and on the train going toward Moscow, saw the numerous rural villages with squalid houses for the farmers, and the church with its tall steeple still dominating the village architecture. He visited the Museum of the Godless then in existence; saw portrayed the various forms of exploitation practiced by the church and the priests. Peasants had been required to support a church whose presence was supposed to be the symbol of mercy and concern for people of the community. But the church had forfeited its place in the center of Russian community life. This gave considerable justification for the powerful new government's caricature of the institution.

He saw the transfer of concern for one's neighbors in the individual community, into a function of the impersonal over-all state, and saw what happens when suffering comes and religion fails. Were we, even in America, losing a sense of local responsibility? Most of the church in Marion had not concerned themselves with the mill workers and their plight. He saw the church confronted with the responsibility of spiritual and physical ministry to those in distress, and of undertaking with increasing intelligence and conscience to influence the way in which the state carried out its responsibility. Even back in 1930 these things were glimpsed as problems that could not be entirely avoided.

Yet in this day and age people come to me and tell me that civic affairs and governmental business is not the affair of the church—that it is the church's business to point the way to heaven and the future life. I do hope some of those people, including some ministers I know, will read and carefully ponder this book, "For More Than Bread."

In the chapter on The Coal Fields, Herbert Hoover, Jane Addams, Grace Abbott, then chief of the United States Children's Bureau, Rufus Jones, Eleanor Roosevelt and many other prominent and familiar names are brought into the picture. Speaking of the explosion in a mine up Scotts Run, near Morgantown, West Virginia, which resulted in the death of thirteen men:

"Eleanor Roosevelt and I were asked to participate in a memorial service for these men. It was held in a high-school building near Scotts Run, and it was an occasion for the expression of deep grief of an entire community. Coming from the outside, from a protected world, both of us, I think, felt inadequate to express our fellowship with these people in their suffering.

"During this period I had relatively little direct contact with the work of distributing food and clothing—only enough to give me a sense of the real tragedy that lay behind what one saw as children eagerly ate their porridge or drank their allowance of milk, or became silent with ecstasy over a pair of secondhand shoes. It was the children who were the designated recipients of a major part of our relief, and it was the children who responded quickly to extrarations. To see them at a picture show put on by the relief program was to marvel at their gaiety and charm. From a radius of several miles they would come, hundreds of them, white and Negro, and crowd onto the floor of a bare barrack, singing lustily until time for the picture to begin, 'Old MacDonald Had a Farm,' or 'Many a Beau Have I Let Go Because I Wanted Julie.'

"In Marion, North Carolina, all the textile workers had been white. In the

coal fields we were reaching native white and Negro families, as well as foreign-born. Whenever our program could bring racial and national groups into closer friendship, that we considered a major result, no less important than bread for the hungry."

Even the seamy side of life is often romantic in the reading. There is, in this great book, (for such a report, autobiographically written, is a great piece of work—an historical record worth reading and keeping for reference) the romance of great accomplishment and progress which, for us, in this difficul and sometimes discouraging period of our history, it most encouraging and enheartening to read. The failure and the obstacle of life stand out and sometimes obscure our view of what has really been accomplished and if for no other reason, we should read Mr. Pickett's report.

In his closing chapter, the author tells us that during the thirty-five years of the life of the Committee they have had experience in more than twenty countries of the world. "These experiences have brought us into touch with the lowliest and most humble citizens of these countries, and also often with people in positions of power and influence in the various governments. Our testimony to the value of the individual, the sacredness of life, our belief in the presence of the Divine Spirit even in the midst of the human, have sometimes been understood and have come as a ray of hope in a world that looks meaningless and cruel. It is not an overstatement of fact, therefore, to say that at times government officials have turned to us with the hope that some new way out of chaos into creative international living might be found."

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

"Age is a quality of mind,
If you have left your dreams behind.
If hope is cold;
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead,
Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you keep the jest,
If love you hold;
No matter how the years go by.
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old."

"A FAITH TO OVERCOME LONELINESS"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, March 22, 1953

"PLEASE give me a prescription for a broken heart!" With these words Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, in his valuable and interesting book, *The Power of Positive Thinking,* introduces what it seems to me is the most important chapter in the book, a chapter entitled "A Prescription for a Broken Heart." The phrase was used by a man who was experiencing the inexpressible, and almost inarticulate, agony of a broken heart. By a tragedy, his entire family had been eliminated. He was unable to summon sufficient spiritual or physical energy to prevent himself from disintegrating and committing self-destruction. In the horrifying experience of his great loss he was urged by a friend to visit his physician. As he entered the physician's office, and was greeted by his Doctor, his first sentence was the sentence I opened the sermon with: Please give me a prescription for a broken heart! The Doctor finally was able to convince him, by using the good and well-authenticated principles of sound psychology, that he was not the victim of any physical disability. He was able to convince him, by the careful processes of examination and diagnosis—that there was nothing wrong with him physically. And he said to him, "You want a prescription for a broken heart? Your tragedy is that you possess no inner resources upon which you can build! You are completely deconditioned in spiritual vitality; you are suffering because you have lost your anchorage; your heart is broken because of the separation of those who were so much a part of your life, that you are unable to make adjustment to live without them, in the physical world."

After two or three kindly visitations along this line, and following some very valuable suggestions as a prescription for a heartbreak, the man was able to recover his sense of values; and the deeper his recovery, the more clearly could he appraise the love that bound him with those he had lost, and the easier it became for him to adjust himself to the inevitable circumstances which, if he were to maintain his own normal life, would be necessary. I am convinced, ladies and gentlemen, as I am convinced of nothing else, of the universality of this experience of loss and the universality of this experience of the broken heart and the loneliness that comes with a separation from those we have loved and things we have loved and things we have done together; objects in the home that we shared; circumstances all around us, broken—and we're compelled to go it alone. The universality of that experience of course predicates the necessity, if we are wise, of trying to do something about it. For with the loss of one we love it will be unfair to the compensations of society, and the world of which we are still a part, if we permit it to destroy ourselves too! We must wait for our dissolution and transition in God's own time. And as we carry in our hearts the inevitable agony that stabs us sometimes, acutely, with a momentary memory, that seems to bewilder us — and for a moment the agonizing experience of loss and grief and heartache and pain comes sweeping into our souls with devastation—then it is that we cry for a prescription for

a lonely heart, and there is one! Almost every day of my life, and some days, as yesterday, more than once I have to enter a grieving, heartbroken circle of people. I think, probably, it's the major part of my ministry.

I'm beginning to think that it is vastly more important than preaching: I'm beginning to think that coming into the lives of people when they face the utter finality on this physical plane of life of losing someone who was life of their life, heart of their heart, and soul of their soul so that all the old things that were shared together are the things we seek for most, and the universality of this experience, is one that brought me to the consideration of how to meet this loneliness. What a lonely world it is after all! What a lonely place a city is if we permit it to be. Do you realize that living within two or three blocks of this church are hundreds of people, literally hundreds of them, living in one room? We are in the heart of a great area of a great city where there are probably more lonely people, per building, than anywhere else in Chicago; and if you were to look at them superficially you wouldn't think they were lonely. Many of them are in taverns; many of them are in the theater; many of them are giving evidence of great activity; many of them are seeking all kinds of outlets and avenues of expression—restless, bored—and boredom is deadly. And when you take loneliness and boredom together, you are running into personal, psychical tragedy. And that is why there are so many that are trying to find forgetfulness; trying to rub out memories; trying to erase words that were said; trying to bury deeds that were done; trying to run away from life—and no one yet has ever run away from life! You can't run away from life. Alcohol will not permit it or enable you to do it; narcotics are helpless—even the fine arts of music and literature and drama. Nothing that you can do or I can do will ever succeed in our running away from life! You can't run away from it! It's with you; it's with me, and there is no escape, whatever, from life!

Now what about loneliness then? How are we going to build the inner resourcefulness which is so necessary to translate our grief, so that it will be an honor and an inspiration to those who are gone?

The people who have recovered from their grief the most successfully, I have observed, are the people who are continually living life in honor and as they think their beloved dead would like to have them live it! People who do things that they know *they* would like to have them do, and have put the seal of their approval upon it — sometime while they still lived! And the people who live life in the honor and under the inspiration of their own beloved, are the people who develop the integration necessary to endure loneliness. The heart that has found that way is never lonely. There is the agonizing experience of the physical separation; there's the empty chair at the table where they used to sit; there is the book that you come onto occasionally in your library that they loved—perhaps their names are there. There's some little thing that comes, and it becomes then the test as to whether that will completely demoralize you to your dishonor and to discredit, or whether it can be used to fortify your own spiritual foundations, and that not only goes for people, it goes for things too! It goes for animals!

A woman told me not too long ago that her own spiritual breadth had been increased because of what a parakeet had meant in her life. She walked in in the morning and found the little bundle of feathers dead at the bottom of its cage. She took it up lovingly and

tenderly and wrapped it in a bit of silk, and put it in a little case and carried it out to the park, and dug its little grave. And she says "the sweetness of the memories of the love of that little parakeet has enabled me to understand, as I never understood before, the spiritual power of loneliness!" It can happen with a dog. On the day before we left the little island to come home this Fall, my little Skipper, who had been a part of my life for sixteen years, walked out into the night and I never saw him alive again. It was as though he couldn't make it; that he didn't want to leave his island home where he spent sixteen happy summers; that he didn't want to come back to the confined environment of a city. And so he walked out in the evening, and in a few moments his little fluttering heart stopped! He toppled on his side, and it was over! He was wrapped in his blanket that night, and we sat through the night waiting for the dawn, all of us; and we wrapped him in his blanket with his collar and his harness and his leash, and I closed his eyes and put my hand upon him for the last time, and said goodbye. We dug a little grave on that island, and he's there today in the spring—the first day of spring—that he loved so much. And I know that I have a deeper appreciation for every living thing, every animal—all life.

I have never, with a gun, killed anything! I cannot hunt! Years ago, as a little boy in the countryside, I went out once with another farmer's boy and with a weasel to hunt rabbits. And as we put that weasel down into the rabbit's hole and that little rabbit came running out of that hole across the cornfield I raised my gun and shot him, and didn't kill him. I wounded him so he couldn't walk or run. And as I went up to that little rabbit his eyes looked into mine. And the most agonizing cry in all of nature, is a wounded rabbit—there's no sound like that! And I can hear that rabbit cry through more than fifty years of my life! As I stand in this pulpit this morning I can hear that little rabbit cry! And it seemed to me, as I broke its neck to relieve it from its agony as quickly as I could, that that little rabbit was saying to me: What did I ever do to you? And the scream of that rabbit through fifty years of my life has softened me; if you want to call it weakness, very well—if this is weakness, make the best of it! If you think little children are only made strong with guns; if you think we can become careless to the killing and destruction of life, don't you wonder why they can kill in battle! Don't you be surprised! And it made me sympathetic to every living thing; and I would give most everything I can think of—anything—if I didn't have in my memory the cry of a little, helpless rabbit in a Michigan field!

You see, ladies and gentlemen, we have to build the spiritual fortifications of life, or we're sunk. You can't and I can't, go on like this with this materialistic, mechanistic, competitive life of pride and vanity, ugliness and hate, criticism and venom—we can't go on like this; we're losing our souls, and the memory of the highest and the most beautiful experiences of our lives—the love, the love! We must deepen the sources, and our loneliness will take on entirely new complexion. You'll be amazed! If people, in their loneliness, can find God as reality—not in a theological creed, not in a church dogma, not in a religious belief, not in a church building, but if they can find the inner Spirit of the Divine, they're never alone—never! There is no loneliness with God!

Oh, if I could just get people to stop rationalizing and arguing about God; trying to define God. If they

would just open up their hearts! One of the greatest of the great French philosophers was Henri Bergson. And Henri Bergson in that great book *The Elan Vital,* in which he profounds the theory of creative evolution, and a great principle of truth it is, Henri Bergson says: "I reason and reason my way in the experiences of life. I reason and reason up to a certain point; and when I can no longer reason, I jump, with my intuition, into reality!" That's tremendous! And the reason why a great many people never find the reality of this spiritual experience is because it's all attempted in terms of an intellectual scale, and a rationalization.

There are some experiences of my life that have been very dear and very deep in my heart that I can't explain and can't fathom and can't reason; and I don't even attempt to! I make the jump into the reality, of my own intuition, and I know that there is a continuing value to the human personality of my loved ones and yours that death cannot touch, and I know that around you, and around me, are the Guardian Angels of the past and that by our side still stands that which is indestructible. How could we live without that? Like the missionary who went down to South Africa into a very troublesome, tragic tribe to stand for the things of Christ; and under great danger day after day and day after day, but he stayed. Then he took his furlough; came back to the United States. Twenty years later he want back to that tribe. He found that the old customs had gone; the old moralities had disappeared. And in talking to a very intelligent chief of the tribe whose son was a graduate of Oxford University in England, the chief said to him, "Do you remember the day you first arrived and walked through the compound of our village? Did you know that all about you were members of our tribe waiting for my signal, and you would have been shredded to bits?" And the missionary said, "No. I had no idea!" "Why," he said, "what happened?" And the old chieftain said, "I saw you walking, but there were two shining lights by your sides as you walked—and I was afraid to kill!"

There are shining lights by our side, and if we recognize the light and have partaken of its beauty, we will, like the singer in Carousel—and I have heard our Jimmy sing it so often; and the last Sunday night in his life, there in Waukegan, he sang it—that hymn, almost a hymn: When you come to the trouble, walk right through with your head high —singing, singing, singing! You find that in life and your loneliness will be something different than you think it is!

The Constitution of America guarantees only pursuit of happiness—you have to catch up with it yourself. Fortunately, happiness is something that depends not on position but on disposition, and life is what you make it.

Gill Robb Wilson

The Liberalist

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CONGRATULATIONS, EDITOR!

BRADLEY, Preston, clergyman; born, Linden, Michigan, August 18, 1888; son of Robert McFarlan and Anna Elizabeth (Warren); student Alma (Mich.) College 1905-06; studied law, Flint, Michigan, 1906-09; spl. work U. of Mich., 1909-10; (D. C.L., Hamilton College of Law, Chicago); LL.D., Lake Forest College, 1938; D. D. Meadville Theological School, 1939; married Grace Wilkins Thayer, Nov. 25, 1915; married June E. Haslet, June 30, 1952. Student pastor, Grand Blanc, Michigan, 1907-09. Church of Providence (Presbyn.), Chicago, 1911-12; withdrew from Presby. Church, July 1, 1912, and began preaching independently; founded Peoples Church of Chicago, July 5, 1912; services at Wilson Avenue Theatre, 1913-19; Pantheon Theatre, Sheridan Road, 1919-26; church built own building, costing, furnished, $750,000, dedicated October 10, 1926; united with Unitarian Conference, February 9, 1922, accepting full fellowship with Unitarian Church, February 9, 1923; continued as pastor, Peoples Church. Member Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library, since June, 1925; member Illinois State Teachers College and Normal School Board for many years; life member, Art Institute of Chicago; member and one of the 54 founders of Izaak Walton League of America (National President for three years), Drama League of America, Phi Phi Alpha (Alma), Pi Gamma Mu Clubs; Chicago Press, City, Adventurers (Chicago); National Arts (New York); Authors' (London). Author: "Courage for Today" 1934; "Mastering Fear," 1935; "Power From Right Thinking," 1936; "Life and You," 1940; "New Wealth For You," 1941; "Meditations," 1941; "My Daily Strength," 1943. Editor of The Liberalist. Address: Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40, Illinois.

* * *

Oh, yes, the above is the way "Who's Who in America" looks at the whole matter. We, the people of the Peoples

Church look at it differently. To us, who have spent at least some of the intervening years with you, between the dates 8-18-1888 and 8-18-1953, sixty-five fruitful, beautiful years, we would be more apt to say it this way:

A HAPPY, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, DR. BRADLEY, way over there in Switzerland! For today we know you are in the little village of Churwalden, Switzerland, helping Dr. Albert Schweitzer establish Albert Schweitzer College there, near the city of Chur, in the Kanton of Graubunden. So we imagine you today, celebrating your birthday in this beautiful way. We are told Churwalden is in one of the most beautiful of Alpine valleys, at an altitude of 4,000 feet, with mountains rising to 9,000 feet on both sides. At Chur, nearby, is a terminal station for international trains to and from all parts of Europe. Chur is the capital town of the Kanton of Graubunden and an important center for government and education.

What a wonderful way to celebrate a birthday! Helping Dr. Albert Schweitzer, for whom and his work you have such great love and admiration; you, who have reviewed his books and others' books about him, are now there in person, lending your encouragement and help to his great humanitarian and educational efforts.

Yes, as we, the people of The Peoples Church, cast an affectionate glance back across the years to review the hopes, the struggles, the trials, the triumphs and the harvest of helpfulness you have heaped up through sixty-five years of beautliful living, we are happy and proud of your great record of good accomplished for yourself and for others—others by the thousands upon thousands.

We know the influence of a life such as yours cannot be estimated or imagined! The power of the spoken word! Those brave, courageous, inspiring, uplifting words of universal scope and strength and power that have been emanating from the pulpit of The Peoples Church for forty-one years past to the largest attendance of any Protestant congregation in Chicago; that have been broadcast to the largest Sunday radio audience in the country for 29 years; the written words in your books and in this Liberalist which is in its 29th year of publication; the 20 years of regular Wednesday evening book lectures in our church; those 27 years of enormous Sunday night congregations, when often crowds have been turned away, while 2,000 people sat inside the church and listened, as the affairs of the nation and the world were placed on the scales of equity, justice, truth and love and the scales seesawed up and down with the emotions of the hour and the times!

Yet that is still only a part of the influence of those powerful words of hope and cheer and good will. For nightly, across this mid-western America, are you speaking, speaking, speaking, to audiences far and near: to every type of audience and group of people, in every walk of life: industrialists, religionists of every creed and faith: civic groups and organizations engaged in every sort of effort to help human beings to a better life; the great mission at Boston only three years ago; hundreds and hundreds of high school students; hundreds of people worshiping at the Lenten season, in Peoria this season, in the Chicago loop for the past 27 years; 3,000 industrialists here; 5,000 industrialists recently in one group.

As the crowds of people representing the heart of America and the hearts of Americans pass in review before the eyes of our imagination, as we write these words, we are indeed overcome with the value of a life like

yours and what it can mean to a country like ours.

For the past several summers those words of yours have been carried abroad, and now you are at the international crossroads of the world.

We, the people of the Peoples Church of Chicago want you to know that we feel it is particularly fitting that you should be addressing an audience at the international crossroads of the world on this, your 65th birthday, and we send across the miles of land and sea between us (yet as near as a breath or a whisper on the airwaves of today), this message of love and affection to you—

"CONGRATULATIONS AND HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DR. BRADLEY, OUR PASTOR AND OUR FRIEND. GOD GUARD YOU, GUIDE YOU AND PROTECT YOU ON YOUR WAY BACK HOME TO US, YOUR OWN PEOPLE, WHO LOVE YOU VERY MUCH!"

Your faithful followers,
The People of The
Peoples Church of Chicago

BOOK CHATS

ON OUR Annual Outdoor Sunday Service this year we celebrated the 300th Anniversary of the publishing of Izaak Walton's "The Compleat Angler."

The National Geographic Society of Washington, D. C., sent out a News Bulletin on it, under the heading "Fishermen Mark 300th Anniversary of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler," from which we quote:

"Fishermen and book lovers this summer are celebrating the 300th anniversary of 'The Compleat Angler,' Izaak Walton's little book on fishing that became one of English literature's classics.

"This beloved book has been through nearly 300 editions. The first, which sold for 18 pence, now is a collector's item worth thousands of dollars. The work has been printed in Danish and German, and two Japanese editors published a Tokyo edition in English.

" 'The Compleat Angler or the Contemplative Man's Recreation' was first brought out in May, 1653, for all who 'love quietness, and vertue and Angling.' Revised and expanded throughout Walton's lifetime, it is a conglomeration of fishing instruction, natural history, anecdotes and homely philosophy. The text is in dialogue, interspersed with songs and verses.

"It breathes an atmosphere of pastoral charm, with its glimpses of hospitable taverns, happy companionships and flowery river banks, and captures the mood of the city man's escape to the country.

" 'No life,' wrote Walton, 'so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler, for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us.'

" 'The Compleat Angler' has endured criticism, praise and editing. Despite stylistic flaws and erroneous or outmoded facts, it has charmed ten

generations of readers. It has made its author famous as the Father of Angling.

" 'Honest Izaak' was born in Stafford on August 9, 1593, when Elizabeth I was queen and Shakespeare had just published his first work. After a boyhood spent fishing such Staffordshire streams as the Trent and the Sow, Walton went to London to become a gentleman tradesman.

"Staunch royalist and churchman, he lived through troubled times, was twice widowed and lost eight of his ten children. His genius for friendship, however, made him the companion of some of the era's greatest minds. His vigorous old age was spent with his son-in-law and daughter at Winchester, where he no doubt enjoyed those famous trout streams, the Itchen, Test and Meon. He died in 1683 at the age of 90 and was buried in Winchester Cathedral.

"Walton, also noted for his biographies of John Donne, George Herbert, Henry Wotten, Richard Hooker and Robert Sanderson, edited five editions of 'The Compleat Angler' during his lifetime. For the fifth, appearing in 1676, his friend and adopted son, Charles Cotton, wrote a second part on fly fishing.

"In 1750, a new edition of the 'Angler' was published at the instigation of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Nine more editions were printed in the 18th century, 164 in the 19th, and 109 in the 20th. The first American edition, 1847, was edited by a clergyman, George Washington Bethune. 'This darling book,' he called it affectionately."

Summertime is the ideal time to acquaint one's self with "The Compleat Angler." It will bring the reader the atmosphere of relaxation and a contemplation of nature which will certainly set the mood for a complete enjoyment of that long-awaited time when we drop the cares of business and the routine of the whole year and help our being re-create itself for another year's round of steady activity.

On June 5th this year Mrs. Bradley and I attended the Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League, held at Grand Rapids, Michigan. It was a most enjoyable and inspiring occasion.

* * *

Did you know that an unlimited number of books may be borrowed on any library card and may be retained for any length of time between May 1st and October 1st without renewal? It is called a Vacation Loan.

Most books from the Library's collection of over 2,500,000 volumes may be taken on vacation loans with the exception of books published during the past year, a few titles in great demand and some books used in summer school classes. Music and some other special materials may be included in vacation loan privileges. Of course readers wishing to use these vacation loan services are requested to indicate this at the time the books are issued.

Books are very good traveling companions to take along on a vacation. This vacation loan idea gives one an opportunity to read the best sellers you may have wanted to read but missed because you were too busy during the rest of the year. Books provide wholesome recreation for the children, especially on rainy days, when they must stay indoors. You may want to read about places you are to visit on your travels. Perhaps you need help in following some special hobby, and there is a book to give you just the lift you need at the right moment. Perhaps you wish to read extensively on some subject of special interest.

Here are some of the lists from

which you may want to select your summer's reading:

"Read Before You Travel"—a travel preview

"Attention Gardeners"—for the amateur and the specialist

"Let's Live at Home"—a guide to more successful family living

"My Country 'Tis of Thee"—designed to make the familiar words of "America" ring true

"This is American's Story"—as told in novels

"The People in Your Life"—a practical guide to human relations

"Tall Tales"—books about a few of America's legendary heroes

"Understanding Art"—art appreciation for the average person

"100 Books Chosen by Prominent Americans"—arranged in order of popularity

Step into your library and get these lists, or send a stamped addressed envelope to have them mailed to you. You will find on these lists many books you will want to take along to make your summer more enjoyable.

These vacation loan privileges are offered to arm chair travelers as well as actual travelers, and to adults and children. Arrangements can be made through the Central Library or any of the Branch Libraries.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

WHEN this issue of The Liberalist is in the mails, I shall have crossed the Atlantic to Liverpool, visited with friends near London, and then flown to Switzerland. But as I write this, I am still in Chicago. Not since I was in my 'teens have I been on the ocean. I try to imagine what it will be like. Probably I shall be lolling in a steamer chair, drinking in the refreshing sea breezes, or playing a deck game, or leaning on the rail, looking out to sea, trying to get all there is of that vast eternity of ocean atmosphere at one grand look, watching porpoises, or taking some healthy exercise by walking around the deck.

I shall be anticipating meeting with Miss Bertha Savage at Liverpool. Miss Savage lives at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, which is on the south coast of England. She is coming up to Liverpool to meet me, so I may enjoy riding through the English countryside with her on our way to London. At Bexhill-on-Sea lives her sister, Miss Beatrice Savage. These are two very interesting sisters who came to America when we were all young ladies. We liked each other and have remained friends ever since, writing each other at Christmastime at least, if not oftener, and it still seems as if we had never separated. Bertha sent me a snapshot (so I might recognize her) and I would have known her anywhere, without the help of the snapshot. She is to wear a white rose and I a yellow one, for easy identification at Liverpool.

At the time of the Century of Progress, in 1933, Beatrice and I had a day together, of which she reminded me in a recent letter, and some time

before that, Bertha and I spent two weeks together in Michigan. Other than that, we have corresponded only. I hope to spend a week with them before flying from London to the valley of Lauterbrunnen, in Switzerland. There arrangements have been made for a tiny apartment in a little chalet, with a sitting room facing the Jungfrau. This is in a little village which has ten restaurants (what does a little village do with ten restaurants?) and across from the chalet there is a grocer, a butcher and a baker. So it is quite evident I do not need to come back home looking emaciated. Probably I shall be lucky if my clothes fit at all!

I have tried to imagine myself looking out from the chalet window or balcony (if there is one—how I do hope there is!) across and up the great ascent of the Jungfrau. I've even tried to imagine my feelings—that intake of breath—that swelling of one's whole being at seeing something so great and huge and powerful looking. And the beauty of the scene! Yes, I've tried to picture it all. No wonder it is said that much of the joy is in anticipation. I do have a great anticipation! And I am daily enjoying this trip I am about to take. I say about to take, because this is being written fully two weeks before I even leave my work. For I am leaving all work aside twelve days before I set sail for England.

On June 15th I leave for St. Louis, to visit my brother and his wife, Horace and Bertha Smalley. Then about June 17th I leave for Kansas City, Missouri, to attend the Dale Carnegie Club International Convention, to be held at the Muehlebach Hotel from June 18th through June 21st. Back home, to change traveling bags and leave on the 25th for Montreal, and set sail on the morning of the 26th of June for a glorious summer for which I have waited a long, long time.

Baroness Violet Beatrice Wenner, who painted the most recent portrait of Dr. Bradley, comes from Switzerland, and tells me that the valley of Lauterbrunnen is very beautiful and that I couldn't have chosen a nicer spot. It is only 20 minutes by train from Interlaken. She has my promise that I shall send her cards from there, for it will be like receiving cards from home to her.

I did not intend at all to write about this trip of mine when I put the paper in my typewriter, but what is within one must come out I suppose, and my whole heart and soul are so full of this beautiful contemplated summer of mine that there is nothing else inside me to write about. I wonder what there will be to write about when I return. I do not speak German, but I am told nearly everyone in Switzerland speaks English. The travel agent over there says he will present me to the Mayor, the Minister and the teachers, and they all speak English, so it all sounds very cozy and homey already. What language do you suppose the Jungfrau speaks? Only beauty of some kind, I am sure. And to each soul perhaps a different kind of beauty; depending on what one brings to the Jungfrau! I love the mountains. They inspire me and lift my soul, so I know the Jungfrau will lift my spirit, and I am oh, so grateful for this wonderful opportunity!

* * *

On Conservation Sunday, when The Peoples Church commemorated the 300th Anniversary of the publication of Izaak Walton's original "Compleat Angler," the Channing Club were in Holland, Michigan, where they had gone for the Tulip Festival. Marie Tilles, Secretary of our Choir and a

member of the Professional and Business Woman's Club, sent the following telegram to Dr. Bradley at the church, which he read from the pulpit at the service.

"Greetings from Channing Club at Holland, Michigan. Will be listening in. Marie Tilles."

A few days later this letter was received by Dr. Bradley:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

First of all, this is not to be a report on our "Channing Club," but rather to tell you what an experience is mine to be considered for the second time a chaperon for the Channing group and to still get a "bang" out of going along with the group to Holland and the Tulip Festival!

You already know what a fine and talented group they are. Above all, *you, Dr. Bradley,* and *The Peoples Church* mean so much to them—you will never know just how "bug-eyed" the group were when you sent them greetings over the air last Sunday morning! The group was seated before the radio in the recreation hall of the hotel where we were staying (inclement weather was hardly the word for describing our outing). However, being young and so well adjusted to the "ups an downs" we had a fine time. I must tell you, too, we only had five (5) flat tires for the entire trip! Absolutely *nothing* was too much for the group—they just simply did not let any situation dismay them! You certainly must take credit for inoculating the true spirit of "the true, the good and the beautiful"—for this group really personifies the acme of youth!

We had our Sunday School class prior to the Peoples Church broadcast —discussing the key-word "service." My! what a wealth of knowledge! *If* (and only *if*) you should feel you have run out of "topics" or "subjects" just attend one of your own Channing Club Sunday morning classes, and I'm sure you will come away with more material than you realize could possibly exist. Personally, I felt it was not only a privilege to hear them discuss the key-word, but an education in itself—an opportunity to really know what their thinking is.

Karen Swanson played the piano for our hymns, George Jensen, the President of the Channing Club, led the group in saying The Lord's Prayer, and oh, so well done, too (preacher material). I do not mean to point out any one personality but he certainly is a wonderful boy and a fine group leader! (By the way, I conducted the class, and what an experience.)

Well, Dr. Bradley, I've been rambling along with this letter, but I could not let this opportunity pass without telling you how much you *mean* to *all of us,* and we are all for helping you as much as we possibly can. I do know that the group would do anything for your church and for you. Do not hesitate to ask us, for that would be all the group needs, and the request would be taken care of. Let's make this next Church year really be outstanding and create a place and an active place in our church for a group like the Channing Club!

Sincerely,

Marie Tilles

* * *

Right after reading about the youth of our church, we pick up a letter from a dear elderly lady, Mrs. A. E. Bellinger, of 373 Hazel Avenue, Glencoe, who says:

Dear Dr. Preston Bradley:

I listen each Sunday from 11 to 12:30. I was *very* sorry I could not be in your church this past Sunday, as it was Mother's Day. I love to go to church, but now as another year has passed it brings me up to the age of

89 years young. I thought when you gave the oldest lady the lovely potted plant, if I could have been there I would have received the plant, and I sure love flowers, especially potted plants, as one can keep them. I have one now that is in bloom that a very dear lady gave me on my 88th birthday.

I have listened to you for many years, for when I am at my home in Michigan, we turn on the radio every Sunday and I listen to you. I have heard you tell about so many trips you have made abroad with your dear wife, the first Mrs. Bradley.

Hope to hear from you if you have a few moments to spare. I know you are a very busy man.

Sincerely,
Grandma Bellinger,
as they all call me here.

* * *

You will be interested to read what our own Chicago Junior Association of Commerce and Industry has to say in this letter written by its Vice-President, Mr. Richard Y. Kennard, Jr.:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This is a somewhat belated note of thanks for your stimulating speech you gave at the Junior Association of Commerce and Industry luncheon. Nevertheless I wish to express heartfelt thanks on behalf of the Religious Activities Committee and of the entire Chicago organization for the excellent choice of humor and serious thoughts with which you left all who heard you.

As a matter of fact, I held off writing you on purpose, as I wished to gather the varied expressions of those who heard you and I can say that without exception your speech was considered one of the outstanding ones of the year. We could have listened to you for another hour.

I shall heartily recommend you to the next committee who takes over religious activities next year.

Incidentally, it was a personal pleasure to see you and talk with you again, Doctor, and I shall be up to hear you again one of these Sundays.

Dick

* * *

Now I take from the Mail Bag a beautifully printed acrostic poem, by Hugh R. Porter, who has attached this notation to it, which he wrote also:

"Dr. Preston Bradley, one of the World's great preachers and Pastor of The Peoples Church at 941 West Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, is so outstanding in the field of practical religion, that he has won the hearts and love of thousands. His religion is at once so real, so genuine and so practical and so applicable to the everyday problems of humans that no one can leave his services without feeling that his philosophy and teaching have made life easier and the World a better place. The verses that follow are definitely typical of his life and work":

PRESTON BRADLEY

P reaching the gospel of kindness,
R elieving hearts laden with grief;
E ach day remembering the thousands
S eeking from sorrow relief.
T here can be no holier calling
O n the troublesome journey of life;
N o service more blessed by the Master,
in a world full of
sorrow and strife.

B e always kind-hearted and tender,
R eads the message of "Infinite Love";
A nd each one who follows this precept
D oth lay up rich treasures above.
L ove hath the power to lighten
E ven the heaviest load—
Y ou, Dr. Bradley, have shown us
the pathway to
Heaven's abode.

Hugh R. Porter

Then Mr. Porter includes on a separate sheet verses which he has marked anonymous, but many will

recognize the words in one as those of a familiar hymn:

O, the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

The other is so lovely I am sure you will like to have it published here also:

The longer I live, and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls toward the realms above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me,
That the universe rests on the shoulders of Love.
A love so limitless, deep and broad,
That men have re-named it and called it God.

* * *

This letter came from Judge Julius H. Miner, whose fine service on the Circuit Court Bench of Cook County, Dr. Bradley admires very much:

My Dear Dr. Bradley:

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I join your host of friends in extending my heartiest congratulations on your twenty-ninth anniversary (of the continuous broadcasting of the church services) and to wish you an abundance of success and happiness for many, many years to come.

You are one swell friend of whom I am proud and with whom I enjoy visiting and chatting. Here's hoping we will do it real soon again.

Judith joins me in extending to you and your bride our kindest personal regards.

Very sincerely yours,

Julius

Dr. Bradley considers Judge Julius H. Miner to be one of the finest judges who ever sat on a Chicago bench. Judge Miner has an enviable record of bringing couples together who have come to his court room seeking a divorce. After four years of effort in trying to have put into the laws of the state that there shall be a cooling off period of 60 days between notice of intention to file a complaint for divorce, separate maintenance or annulment, and the actual date of filing, the Illinois House adopted the proposal unanimously, and Governor Stratton has endorsed the measure. Judge Miner has addressed the Men's Club of the Peoples Church on several occasions.

* * *

The next letter is signed by two ladies and is addressed,

Our dear Doctor Preston Bradley:

Let not this day pass without some word from us heartily commending your stand this morning.

Spoken just like the great American that you are! With truth as the background, sincerity of heart, greatness of thought so far as concerns God's men and women; and courageous and fearless when confronted by attacks of criticism such as bespeak only that which is the very evil essence of Communism.

Be of good heart, Dr. Bradley; be your own true self and the worthwhile world stands by and with you!

Let your good great work go on forever. God bless our Doctor Bradley!

(Miss) Katharine Gerlach
(Mrs.) Frank Verhoeven

(It should be mentioned that the above letter contained a radio contribution as well as kind words of praise.)

* * *

This letter came in the same mail bag and referred to the same sermon as the one above.

My dear Dr. Bradley:

I was glad to hear your comments on President Eisenhower this morning.

My father used to tell us children—"No matter what you think of the man who is the President of the United States and whether or not you agree with his opinions, you must show respect for the office of the Presidency

and hope and pray that the incumbent shows the same respect for his office."

President Eisenhower was not my choice as a candidate, but I think he is honestly trying to do his best—and no one should ask more of anyone.

May I have a copy of The Liberalist and of the Litany you use in your church—thank you.

Ellen W. Babcock

* * *

KEEP ON THE BEAM!

Bazaar—Bazaar—Bazaar

Will you make a donation to our Annual Bazaar? Send to Dr. Bradley at 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill. All new articles—linens, fancy goods, aprons, electrical appliances, toys, dolls, jewelry, silverware, hardware, etc.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE

1—Wedding
Funeral
Address, Business Success Forum, YMCA, Milwaukee, Wis.

2—Commencement Address, Franklin High School, Franklin, Ind.

3—Funeral. Waukegan, Ill.
Board Meeting, Peoples Church

4—Address, Commencement, Civic Auditorium, LaPorte, Ind.

5—Address, Annual Convention, Izaak Walton League of America, Grand Rapids, Mich.

6—Conference, Student, Meadville
Weddings

7—Morning Service, Peoples Church
Christening

8—Funeral

9—Commencement, High School, Baldwin, Mich.

10—Address, Gold Star Mothers' Banquet, Hotel Sherman

11—Wedding
Address, Gary Sheet and Tin Co. Service Award Banquet, Gary Hotel, Gary, Ind.

12—Wedding

13—Morning Service, Peoples Church
Closing Sunday

21—Address, Unitarian Church, Hanska, Minn.

25—Commencement, Fort William Vocational School, Ft. William, Ontario, Canada

WEDDINGS

1—Gladys Hathaway and C. C. Roundtree
6—Irene Ash and George M. Langlois
Thelma Braman and Ralph Waters
11—Genevieve Butler and Walter Domke
12—Elizabeth Messner and Martin Guon

FUNERALS

1—Ida Blecka
3—Cecelia E. Colby
8—Mrs. Florence Kunz

CHRISTENINGS

7—Samuel Viktor Proud, son of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Proud
Raymond Alan Firszt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Firszt

14—John Herbert Manson Gillett, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. George Gillett
Barbara Lee Barnett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morton Barnett

JULY ENGAGEMENTS

5—Address. Chautauqua, New York

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
Opening Service, September 20

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.
Opening Service, September 20

Woman's Club—For Summer Events, call the Corresponding Secretary, Miss Edith Anderberg, SUnnyside 4-9146

Regular club meetings held every two weeks, from September to May

Men's Club—Meets the 4th Monday of each month, September to May

Professional and Business Woman's Club—For Summer Events, write Miss Rosemary Christensen, 2805 N. Leavitt St., Chicago 18

Regular meetings held on the 2nd Tuesday of every month, September through May

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School age) 1st & 3rd Friday..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Mr. Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning during church season
entire church service.....11:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

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